

The Saturday News

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Jasper's Note Book

EDMONTON'S GREAT OPPORTUNITY.

Winnipeg is the latest city to take up the question of establishing a civic centre. It is proposed to have the provincial and city authorities, both of whom are contemplating new buildings, work in together. A mall would be created on the north bank of the Red River with the legislative buildings on one end and the city hall on the other. The position is close to the geographical centre and if the project goes through, as there seems every chance that it will, it will make a revolution in the appearance of the city.

That a matter-of-fact community like Winnipeg has taken such a proposition up seriously shows what advance is being made along these lines. When the Saturday News first began to talk of a much less ambitious scheme for Edmonton, it was laughed at. It would have been better to have made such a move here when it was first suggested, as it would then have been much less costly than now. But it is infinitely better to attempt it at the present time than to wait till we attain the growth of Winnipeg, which few doubt we shall have done in another ten years.

Mayor Armstrong made the statement at the council meeting this week that the G.T.P. station would be located at the head of McDougall avenue. That company's splendid hotel is to be at the foot of that thoroughfare. The city's square lies in between. The court house is near at hand. The land titles office is to be immediately adjacent. The post office faces the square. West of the hotel site two blocks of unobstructed river front have been secured. Facing this, it has been decided to place a public library building that will cost something like half a million dollars.

One does not need to be an expert to figure out how the way has been prepared for working all these structures, and others that must follow soon, into a general scheme that would give Edmonton a front door such as the would be very proud of and that, looking at the matter from a purely commercial standpoint would be worth millions of dollars to her, as the years go by. Advice should be taken from some of the men who are directing such schemes elsewhere and action commenced during the present season. If this is not done, we will never cease to regret it.

THE EVILS OF THE BONUS SYSTEM BECOMING ACUTE.

The Calgary papers give expression to much natural resentment over the loss of the Quaker Oats mill which the people of the southern city were counting on having established there. According to the Herald all that the enterprising promoters had to do was to wander from city to city receiving offers of bonuses, exemptions, free sites and other valuable favors. A contract between the company and the city of Saskatoon was recently drafted, though it is understood that it is not yet completed. It provides for concessions by the city which are estimated to equal \$150,000 in cash, in return for which the company agrees to erect mills employing a minimum of thirty people. At this moment probably other cities are figuring how they can outbid Saskatoon to the Quaker Oats company.

There can be only one opinion about such a state of affairs as this. It is ruinous and grossly unfair from a public standpoint.

Industries are now showing an interest in Western Canada in large numbers for the first time and it is imperative that something should be done to restrict the competition for them. The enactment of anti-bonus legislation has been urged in the Saturday News for years back, having in view just this development that we are now witnessing.

So long as one municipality is allowed to make concessions to secure an industry, others are bound to follow suit to protect their own interests. The only thing that can stop the system, of which the Quaker Oats case is so flagrant an example, is to make the whole thing illegal.

In the past we have suffered more from the action of railways in playing off one town against another. But we are now entering on a new chapter and it is essential that the Legislatures should take concerted action in respect to it.

The place that has the greatest natural advantages to offer is the one that suffers most. If industries are allowed to locate where it is most in their own interests to do so, there can be no question that a city like Edmonton would be their choice. The leadership in doing away with the evil might accordingly be assumed very appropriately by our Board of Trade.

THE FURTHEST NORTH TRADER.

It is something like two thousand miles to the mouth of the Mackenzie from Edmonton. This week a man engaged in business two hundred miles west of the point where this great river enters the Arctic and two hundred miles directly north of Dawson paid a visit to the city. He was Mr. D. Cadzow, who for some ten years back has conducted at Rampart House on the Porcupine river a trading post which has the distinction of being the most northerly in America.

In talking to the city Cadzow one gets a new idea of the breadth of the Dominion. Though such a stretch of country lies between his home and Edmonton, he looks forward to the day, not long distant, when all along the northern waterways there will be large settlements. All that is necessary is the building of the railway to meet navigable water at Fort McMurray.

He went down the Mackenzie first at the time of the Klondike rush, being about the only man who ever reached Dawson by that route. He had a most adventurous time of it but arrived at the mining centre at the

height of the excitement. When this died down, he went up to the Porcupine River and re-established the post which the Hudson's Bay Co. had abandoned some years before.

Rampart House has had a very interesting history, being started back in 1863 when the determination of the international boundary drove the company back from Fort Yukon. Mr. McDougall, who was in charge and is still living, a resident of Victoria, tried to make a bargain with American traders to take over the post, but not doing so, burnt it down. He went east some forty or fifty miles and feeling sure that he was in Canada, built another. Later he found that he was still in the United States and another fire took place. Finally he located at Rampart House, which is just east of the boundary line.

While the country north of Edmonton has large possibilities from an agricultural point of view, particularly as grazing land after a certain distance down the Mackenzie is traversed, it is in connection with its minerals and timber that Mr. Cadzow expects to see it developed to the greatest extent. Its asphalt, salt, galena, mica, and copper, the flow of natural gas and the undoubted evidence of oil, there is no question about.

But it has never been properly prospected and never will till the railway is built. More than enough has been discovered to justify the construction of this, but once people get in there, he believes that things will happen which will astonish the world and throw Cobalt quite into the shade.

Of the beauties of travel in the northland, he cannot speak too enthusiastically. During the four or five hundred miles that the Mackenzie runs through the Rockies, the river is an extremely beautiful one and Mr. Cadzow is confident that there will be no more popular tourist trip in America than that down this mighty stream with the sight of the midnight sun at the end of the journey.

THE PRESBYTERIANS AND A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

A cynic once made the remark that to him the best evidence of the essential truth of Christianity was that it survived some of those who preached it and professed to practice it.

Looking down the centuries, no one can deny that there was a good deal of wisdom behind the observation. The presence in the Christian ministry of many who do not meet the requirements of their high calling can hardly be avoided so long as the work of religion has to be carried on by merely human instruments.

But one could not attend the sessions of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada without the past week and not feel that the men who are discharging its functions measure up to a very high standard.

This is not the place to consider in detail the proceedings. Only a few general impressions can be given. One thing that was particularly noticeable was the broad scope of the discussions. No time was wasted on trivialities and non-essentials.

The church apparently realizes the necessity of getting close to the vital issues of everyday life. No abstract problems of theology took up the Assembly's time. There was no suggestion of heresy-hunting. There was one thing being aimed at, to help as large a number of people as possible to lead decent, God-fearing lives.

In one of the manifest and most earnest addresses that I venture to say, a religious gathering has ever heard, Rev. H. R. Grant, who has been stationed at Fernie for sixteen years back, on Tuesday night declared that in a community such as that in which he lived, no minister could obtain respect or consideration because he wore his collar back side foremost, however much this might do for him elsewhere. He had to be a man among men.

Those who know what Mr. Grant has accomplished in that mining town, with no other Presbyterian minister within sixty miles, are certain that the viewpoint from which he has approached his work is that which makes for real success everywhere and that it is as others adopt it that their influence will increase. We have another such a minister in Edmonton, who are glad to say, in the reverend gentleman who has been presiding over the Assembly's sessions.

One of the earliest recollections of the writer of this article was a General Assembly held probably a quarter of a century ago when the feature of the proceedings was an attempt to drive out of the ranks of the ministry one of the godliest and one of the most gifted men intellectually that has ever known in Canada, the late Rev. D. J. McDonnell of St. Andrew's church in Toronto. Because he had expressed some views which some people thought theologically unsound. As I sat back and listened to the addresses on Tuesday evening which told of what was being done in the way of social service and in grappling with the real evils that interest the life of the Canadian people, I could not help thinking what a tremendous advance had been made since that now far-off day.

The vision of Christianity is ever expanding and in this lies its hope. One cannot help being an optimist as he studies its history.

We often hear the irreligiosity of the present generation deplored. These general denunciations do not do it justice. There never was a time when men had a profounder respect for real piety or were more ready to listen to a man with a real message. There were those in attendance at this Assembly who have been delivering this for years and who have never lacked a hearing. Many readers of the Saturday News have had experience with such.

But I was particularly interested in one man. I had looked forward to the privilege of listening to a sermon of his when this Assembly met and the opportunity came last Sunday morning at McDougall Methodist church. I refer to Rev. Dr. W. J. Clarke, of Westmount Presbyterian Church in Montreal, whose younger brother,

Rev. J. A. Clarke, of Calgary, has been a leading figure in Alberta Presbyterianism for many years.

I knew Dr. Clarke first when he was still a student at Knox College in Toronto and was supplying during the summer a pulpit in one of the smaller Ontario cities. The manner in which this young man used to fill that large church twice every Sunday for months was a revelation of the power of the ministry when in the right hands.

He has had two charges since ordination, one in London, Ontario, and that which he has at present. In the twenty odd years that have passed, since the time that I refer to, he has exerted an ever-increasing influence in his own community and in the general councils of the church. His addresses during the past week on the subject of church union, the adoption of the report in regard to which he moved, showed how really big a man he is.

When he left London some verses appeared in one of the newspapers of that city, which I clipped and pasted away. I looked them up this week and want to reproduce them here. They run as follows:

We need not wait till people go

To say about them what we feel;

Seventeen years—'tis time now

To live in human hearts—to sow

The seed of future recognition

'Mid biting blades of opposition.

A manly man who ne'er dictated

But ever stood where hands may meet;

Who by his looks our hearts elated,

Suggesting all things strong and sweet,

Like those who spirit store imparted,

Unvalued most in street and mart,

But whose true meed the aching heart

Knew to be more than eastern gold.

And shall we write of him "Departed"?

Well, for a time, but not for aye,

His memory dimmed but Hope has thwarted

The spell of Time's Lethargic sway;

Sweet memory of golden days;

When hearty counsels cheered and strung

The how anew and Courage rang

From echoing peaks of praise to praise.

Our days of visitation end;

Dinly perceived they pass away,

And friendship's roots we should not rend

Though all the rest be passed. We say:

"Good-bye, true friend. Be'thy enjoyment

Still to be found in Christ's employment."

This picture of what a minister can be and should be seems to me to be well worth while calling attention to on the present occasion.

A COMPARISON OF 1907 AND 1912.

The Monetary Times has an article which it heads, "The Approaching Break," reference being to that which it anticipates in western real estate values. To prove that this is coming it reproduces an article from its issue of August 10, 1907, which starts off:

"The tulle in the West has come, foolish optimists and folks of that ilk notwithstanding. Some Western real estate interests have thought it advisable to gather around them an atmosphere of frigid and unassailable dignity. So long as one runs with the crowd, so long is one the crowd's friend. Otherwise—"

"A policy of all praise and no criticism never pays. Fair criticism is the condiment of living. When the Monetary Times, four months ago, said there were elements of disquiet in the Western situation, more than the correspondent accused us of hurting the West which was far from the truth. Helping the West would have been a happier phrase. Because we thought what dozens of others were thinking, and expressed our thoughts in type, there was some disapproval. In March, we suggested that 'a reaction will come presently, simply because people who ought not to buy real estate are buying it—the people who hold only for immediate profit.' Now the reaction has come. Those who were strenuous in their objections are silent."

To those of us who were here five years ago this is very interesting. The conditions in 1907 and 1912 are hardly alike, however. In the first case the country had passed through the most severe winter in its history, that of 1906-07. Enormous losses of cattle had occurred. Business of all kinds had suffered. To add to the general uneasiness, the spring opened up unusually late. Farmers were not able to commence seeding till well on into May. Heavy rains held the ripening of the crop back. By the date on which the article was published from which this extract from the Monetary Times is taken, the fields were no further advanced than in other years they are at the same time in July. It was recognized that the chances were a hundred to one against their escaping the early frosts.

Added to these conditions peculiar to western Canada, the money markets of the world were in a most disturbed state. Canadian bankers saw trouble coming and began to draw in at the end of May. In October the panic developed in New York.

How little there is in common with this at present we all know and it is surprising to have a journal like the Monetary Times draw the comparisons that it does. The crop went into the ground under ideal conditions. The reports from all over the west are to the effect that it is two or three weeks ahead of the average year. General commercial and financial conditions are excellent. There are none of the emphatic warnings of five years ago. In this province a railway building programme is being carried out energetically that will completely change its face and open up vast new territory. The development of the north country, that means so much to Edmonton particularly and to a very large extent to the whole West, has actually commenced.

So far as it warns investors against unreasonable and

dangerous speculation, the Monetary Times and the correspondents of eastern papers who have been visiting us, are on sure ground. It is not as if they were taking the initiative in this matter. The Board of Trade in Edmonton has been issuing the strongest kinds of warnings in this connection and similar bodies elsewhere have been doing the same. All who have a real stake in a western community are quite prepared to recognize the evil of foisting outlandish subdivisions on the public.

But when it comes to representing that a situation has arisen similar to that of 1907, it is high time to protest. There never was a time when there was more justification for launching forth on legitimate business enterprises in this part of the Dominion. Nor was there ever a better opportunity for those who wish to make genuine property investments. There can be no doubt about the enormous progress that the next few years are to see and this is bound to be reflected in the price of land, both urban and rural.

As an evidence of what is going on in Alberta, the statements that Sir William Mackenzie made when in Edmonton this week are very much to the point. That company has at present \$500 men employed on actual construction in Alberta and at least four hundred miles of steel will be laid during the season within the province. On top of this we have all that the C.P.R., the G.T.P. and the Danvegan railway company are doing. So far as Edmonton is concerned, crossing the Saskatchewan by the C.P.R. with its two million dollar structure, already well out over the river, signifies as we all know, a very great deal.

Sir William Mackenzie announced that a service to Athabasca Landing would be commenced on July 1st. The main line is expected to be at the Yellowhead by the end of the year. One hundred miles of steel will be laid from Onoway west on the way to Grande Prairie, which means that in another year the farmer can go in to that rich country knowing that he can get that season's crop out by rail. The other guaranteed lines are all being gone ahead with steadily. When they are completed, a new era will have been introduced for this part of the West.

Surely in view of all this, there is no room for pessimism at the present time.

FREE TRADE WITHIN THE EMPIRE.

Hon George E. Foster has been receiving a good deal of attention at various gatherings in London. There is no question that he will do the Dominion much credit at the seat of the Empire. No man has been more bitterly attacked than the Minister of Trade and Commerce but he has come through it all remarkably well and since the accession of the Borden government to power has occupied a position of unique influence. He is the only veteran in the Cabinet and as no man in public life has a more complete grasp of our problems he was bound to be an outstanding figure.

At Liverpool he had this to say on the trade question:

"I have no hesitation in saying that free trade within the Empire is not within easy reach, simply because the overseas dominions have built themselves up as they each think necessary, in order to develop their own country and attract labor and population. We may be all wrong as regards the principle, but that has been our view and we in Canada at least, have had prosperity under it."

There is nothing surprising about this view. It is that which the Conservative party has always professed. It is that on which the Liberals when in office acted, even though many of them said they were in favor of working towards a free trade ideal.

But the leaders of neither organization realize how immensely popular such a move as that for free trade within the Empire would be. If the 'Heralds had made an extension of the British preference at the same time that they entered into the reciprocity arrangement, they would have completely disarmed the arguments which defeated the latter. If they are wise they will right the mistake now.

There is no reason whatever why we should not admit the products of the country free of duty which is not only our own motherland but is also our best customer. It would strengthen the imperial bond and help the process of Canadian development, along sound lines, to an immeasurable extent.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENCY.

Attention will be centred next week on the Republican convention in Chicago. There has never, in the history of politics in the United States or elsewhere, been anything to correspond to the struggle which has taken place between the Taft and Roosevelt forces. Such bitterness and such elaborate campaigning on the part of two men who are nominally party allies really means the breaking down of the party. It is almost inconceivable that with either one of them the candidate, the Republicans would have a ghost of a show of carrying the Presidency.

There are but two possibilities on which they can base any hope. One is that a compromise candidate of the required strength may be chosen. The only man who would be likely to meet the situation is Mr. Justice Hughes, who before he went on the Supreme Court Bench two years ago, was governor of the State of New York. He was a politician of the austere type but as a man who is in the habit of doing his own thinking and absolutely fearless and incorruptible, would make a great president.

The other source of hope for the Republicans is that the Democrats will miss the great opportunity which they have this year and make a foolish nomination. If they should name Champ Clark or W. J. Bryan, it is possible to defeat either. But if they do the right thing and choose Woodrow Wilson, it is hard to see how he can be beaten.

A 4,500 TON SUBMARINE.

The day of the submarine dreadnought is approaching rapidly, naval officers say. Twelve years ago the United States Government laid the foundation of the practical and commercial development of underwater navigation by buying the small submarine torpedo boat Holland, an experimental craft of a tons submerged displacement. A recent news item from Europe illustrates the great advance which has been made since then. Just picture, if you can, a submarine boat nearly sixty feet long, the displacement of the little Holland, and you will have an idea of the size of the underwater cruiser which it is proposed to add to the Czar's navy. The proposed submarine vessel is the outcome of the information which the Russian naval authorities have obtained in operating the various types of underwater boats which they have purchased from foreign constructors; but even so, a submarine of 4,500 tons is an immense advance over the biggest of the submarines now under construction in France, and the French have been the leaders in the matter of size. In fact, the largest of their submarines are a little over 2,000 tons submerged. The proposed cruiser is after the design of a noted Russian engineer, B. M. Schuraviev, and primarily she is intended to operate against a naval foe within the comparatively shallow waters of the Baltic. The boat is to be not only a submarine torpedo vessel but also capable of planting while under water a field of submarine mines. The common practice is to sow these mines from surface vessels, and it requires many precautions in order to keep an enemy's spies from discovering at least approximately the location of the field. Apart from this there are weather conditions which hamper the work and which may make the operation even more hazardous than it is normally. Thus the Russian mine planter Yenisei drifted about of one of her own mines and was sent to the bottom with most of her crew early in 1904.

EFFECT OF WAR ON ITALY

The war on Tripoli is having most serious consequences on Italy. Thousands are starving in the Southern Provinces on account of the heavy rise in the price of foodstuffs, and the widespread unemployment. In the big cities, acute misery is experienced by the working classes. The price of bread is higher than ever. Il Secolo demonstrates that the recent dearth is due to war, prices being three of four francs in excess of the rises in England and other countries. There is an enormous increase in the consumption of horseflesh and suchlike inferior foods. Even in Turin, where the poorer classes have shown a marked traditional repugnance for this sort of meat, the eating of horseflesh has been recently growing by leaps and bounds till the consumption is now actually 100 per cent. greater than five years ago. Forty thousand skilled workmen are standing idle in Milan, the number of unemployed during the first quarter of this year surpassing that of the unemployed during the entire twelve months of 1911. Only 7,000 bricklayers are now at work, as against 25,000 last year. The textile industries of Lombardy have lost three-fourths of their export trade. No such large number of failures in banking concerns and commercial enterprises is remembered in recent years.

THE MYSTERY OF ABYSSINIA.

Menelik, the ruler of Abyssinia, is generally assumed to be still living, but the fact is not certain. The latest Abyssinian traveler, Lord Cranworth, has no much light to throw on the question, declares the London correspondent of the New York Sun. "We met the native doctor who is supposed to attend King Menelik," says Lord Cranworth. "He received his medical training in London, and speaks English very well. I asked him if it were true that Menelik is really alive, and he frankly acknowledged that he did not know."

"He went, he told me, every three months to the palace at Addis Ababa, and a figure was brought in to him there. This figure was covered in bandages from head to foot, and a great mask, in which two holes were cut for the eyes, was fitted over his face. He was told that this was Menelik, but as the whole body and head were completely hidden, he did not know."

"It is difficult to say what the Abyssinians themselves believe, but I should imagine that most of them believe that the king is dead."



Life in Edmonton has been very dull for a few days back without any motor-car accidents to read about. The fact is that the drivers have been given a scare that they were much in need of it. It is a great pleasure for a simple pedestrian now to be able to walk leisurely across the street and note the polite deference of the once lordly car-driver, as he almost comes to a stop while you pass out of the way.

But it is not as simple as your point of view changes when your boss or friend happens to get a car and comes around and gives you a ride from time to time, or, more important still, if you can raise the price for one yourself. These "lines to a motorist in spring" from London Punch strike a very responsive note:

If through the icy mask of that disdain
That leaves me in a cloud of odorous dust
I could despatch some signal to your brain,
Could puncture your conceit and hear it bust;

Or if some second-sight enabled you
To learn the secret workings of a mind
In one so awe-struck to the outer view,
Cringing before your tempest, stunned and blind,

I were content. I do not carp at all
Because you gaze at me, as some calm god,
Holding creation in his dreadful thrall,
Might gaze upon a beetle. I am odd.

I like to walk abroad and sniff the air
Fraught with the scent of all the flowers of May;
Poets (perhaps you chanced to see my hair)
Are sometimes taken in this curious way.

I am well used, besides, to have the morn
Hidden by vapours of your home, the Pitt,
And hear the blackbird silenced by a horn
Shouting some happy stave of street-worn wit.

But what I do complain of is the fact
That you can spout the spume of your contempt
Over my dumb form like a cataract,
But mine for you remains unguessed, undreamt.

I have no power to show what kind of bug,
What vermin, I esteem you; how you taint
The blessed hedgerows like a poison-drug
Till the rats sicken and the toads turn faint.

How in the witches' broth (cf. Macbeth)
Was no ingredient mingled by their art
So utterly abhorred, so kin to death,
As you and your confounded petrol-cart.

How for the wealth of palaces of Ind
I would not sit beside you in that hearse,
Would sooner by a lot be scalped and skinned,
Or write no other line of deathless verse,

Than thus pollute the glories of the Spring;
That is the point of view you cannot see,
Rhinceros! three-epithetted thing!
And yet you deem me envious. Earthworm! feel

Blind to all beauty, flattered by your fuss,
Mere reveller in the pride and pomp of pelf,
I know you, for I feel exactly thus
When travelling in a motor-car myself.
The letters to Miss Libbey in the Calgary Albertan become more entrancing as the summer progresses. "Anxious" writes as follows:

"Dear Miss Libbey. I am a young man of 30, and am in love with a beautiful blonde stenographer in our office. I call her 'cutie' and she looks at me and always smiles. I think she loves me. How can I find out?"

That's a hard one. It reminds one of the conversation between the hotel clerk and the love-sick young man, as they sat before the grate fire in that very merry comedy we saw last week "Over Night."

The amorous one was rapturously telling how much he was in love and the sleepy clerk asked if he didn't think it would be just as well "to tell all that to the young lady herself."

A girl who would stand for "cutie" couldn't do more than give "Anxious" a mild biff on the jaw.

Then we have the case of "Edith" who writes:

"Dear Miss Libbey: I have been going to a dentist, who is a married man, to have several teeth fixed. Whenever I go he always tells me I am good looking and sweet enough to eat. I would always laugh at him and tell him I thought he was foolish to talk that way. Last week I went to him, and he kept pinching my arm, then my hand, putting me in a most embarrassing position. He was almost through with me for that morning, and I didn't happen to be looking at him or paying any attention to him when all of a sudden he grabbed my face in his hands and kissed me several times before I could get out of the chair. I was so frightened I didn't know what to say, and he laughed and said he hoped I wouldn't think him bold, and that whenever he worked for me he had to grin his teeth to keep his hands off me. "What would you advise me to do, to settle my bill and quit going to him, or have him finish the job? There is only one more tooth to fill and he has started to treat that one, so would have to go to another dentist."

Miss Libbey replies that Edith should send a cheque immediately for the amount due. While hesitating to disagree with so eminent an expert in such matters, I would say there was a better plan. Edith should keep careful count of the number of kisses and then when the dental job was done ask for her bill. Suppose the dentist says it will be \$10. Then Edith starts to do some figuring and finally remarks: "That is very satisfactory. My price for kisses is just \$4 apiece and the ten you have had will therefore square our accounts. Good afternoon."

"What makes you think the baby is going to be a great politician?" asked the young mother, anxiously. "I'll tell you," answered the young father, confidently; "he can say more things that sound well and mean nothing at all than any kid I ever saw."

"The problems of human existence are becoming more and more complex." "Yes," replied the admiring parent. "I can hardly wait for my daughter's graduation essay to let us know what to do about them."

Visitor—So you were acquainted with the great financier who was raised here? As usual, I suppose you gave him the first dollar he ever earned.
Native—No he took away the first dollar I ever earned.

Wife—"Today is the tenth anniversary of our wedding day."
Husband—"By George! How stupid of me. I'm always forgetting. I intended to stop in the 10 cent store on the way home."

"What is a counter irritant?" asked Mrs. Smithers.
"A counter irritant," replied Smithers, "is a woman who makes the shopman pull down everything from the shelves for two hours, and then buys five cents worth of hair-pins."

A ball game between two semi-pro. teams, one colored, was played on the North Side and attracted a numerous following of negroes who went a long way to root for their team. They occupied a section by themselves. A foul ball went in among them and did not come back, causing a red-haired contestant to go to that part of the stand and yell:

"Throw that ball back. What do you think it is—o chicken?"

A story is told of a certain mayor of Cork who headed a deputation to the emperor of the French, and commenced an oration to His Majesty in what he conceived to be the French tongue. "Pardon me," said the emperor, after he had listened to the speech with much patience. "English I know fairly well, but I regret to say, I have never had an opportunity of studying the Irish language."

The manager of a moving-picture show in Chicago has both humor and a practical working knowledge of psychology. Before the show opens, he throws this sign on the screen: "No woman who paid ninety-eight cents or less for her hat need remove it."

Post—"Do you think the day will come when there will be no coal left on earth?"

Parker—"Well, it won't be our cook's fault if it doesn't."

What Exploration Work in Central Africa Means II

(The "Daily Telegraph," London.)

At the beginning of last year the late Mr. Digby Pigott, one of the Assistant Commissioners of British East Africa, while camping on the eastern shore of the Victoria Nyanza, discovered some fossil remains. One of the relics was brought to England by Mr. O. W. Hobley last June, and this on examination was found to be the jawbone of a Dinotherium, one of the mammals which flourished in the Lower Miocene or Middle Tertiary period, a period of time which is sometimes defined by geologists as being somewhere about three million years ago.

The discovery excited considerable interest in biological circles, and the British Museum authorities, with whom the fossil was deposited, expressed the opinion that further investigations were desirable. Accordingly Dr. Felix Oswald, the Probate Registrar of Nottingham, who will be remembered as the author of a book on the geology of Armenia, volunteered to undertake the work during his "leave" from professional duties. Dr. Oswald's offer was accepted, and last November he started for the spot on Victoria Nyanza where the discovery had been made. It may be recalled here that Mr. Pigott met

his death while shooting hippopotami on the lake. A wound hippo charged the raft on which he was standing, upsetting his occupants into the water, where they were at once devoured by crocodiles.

At Por. Florence Dr. Oswald was provided with a schooner by Sir Percy Girouard, the Governor of British East Africa, in which to make the journey to Karunga station on the lake where the remains were found. The place was reached on November 15 of last year. It consists of a mere huddle of native dwellings, with not a single white man nearer than Kisii, some five days' journey north. Dr. Oswald was accompanied only by three natives, one an interpreter speaking the language of the Kavirondo, the people of the district, and two native soldiers. Incidentally he had learned on his journey that all the published maps of the north-eastern portions of the Victoria Nyanza were inaccurate, and it is his intention to prepare a corrected map so soon as he can find time. Once on shore he started work on his wearying and lonesome task. The time of the year was summer, and the heat was terrific, for the season was the hottest yet known in that quarter of the world. To a representative of the "Daily Telegraph" he has described



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the labors and the difficulties attending his sojourn in
these solitudes just south of the Equator.

Working in an Old Delta.

"The exact point," said Dr. Oswald, "where we started
our investigations was close to Karunga, in what is
apparently the delta of an old river which formerly ran
into the lake at that point. The heat was terrific, and
the glare of the sun was blinding, and, unfortunately for
me, I had forgotten to pack smoked glasses. We had
considerable good fortune in our searches, and owing to
the fact that the ground on which we labored chiefly was,
as I have said, an old delta, we found the layers very
well defined indeed.

"At the top of all was a cliff of basalt, and below that
was the sloping bed of the delta. The top of this
bed was the ordinary black cotton soil of the district,
and immediately below that we found the ordinary lacus-
trine beds, the top one of grey clay, the second one of
red clay and white sandstone, and the third one of buff
sandstone and gravel. In each bed we found shells in
plenty—all fresh-water shells—but there were very few
fossils of any other character in the top bed, though we
found a fair number in the second. It was in the third
bed—the bed of the Lower Miocene period—however,
that we had our best finds, finding another Dinotherium,
with teeth, and also some bones of Acetabrotherium,
Antracotherium, the ancient type of rhinoceros. These
were all found close to the mouth of the Kuji or Kuya
River, but we found other traces of fossils at points
five and fifteen miles distant, in what appeared to be
the same gully.

Flies that Obscured the Sun.

"My great trouble was the insect life, which abounded
to a degree which I had never experienced before, and
did not believe existed. Every form of insect seemed com-
mon. Flies swarmed about, and I have seen the midges
coming over the lake in such a cloud that the face of
the sun was obscured, and made to take on the yellow
tinge which we see when it is trying to peep through a
London fog; while the noise of their humming as they
passed over me, was like a great sustained note on the
lower C pipe of an organ. Flying crickets as large as
sparrows were common, and each particular form of
insect had a different noise, which he appeared to make
all through the night. In addition, there were great
bloodsucking ticks, which, after they had settled on you
in the night, you would find in the morning on your
body as large as peas. These have the power of com-
municating 'tick fever'.

"Every evening when I took my soup I had between
each mouthful to skim a coating of insects from the top.
Ants of every description abounded, the worst of all be-
ing the 'stink ant,' a creature about three-quarters of an
inch long, which emitted such a dreadful odor, that it was
impossible to sleep if one of these things got into your
tent. Still, insects were not my worst trouble. What op-
pressed me most and affected me most was the dreadful
loneliness. I would never go there again by myself, and
I would never advise any other white man to do so.

"I must confess that, in spite of the great heat—I
was within a few miles of the Equator—I found the air
most stimulating to my nerves, and, save for occasional
attacks of dysentery and other things, caused by bad
water, I was on the whole healthy. So stimulating was
the air that, after returning to my tent for lunch at mid-
day, feeling so exhausted that I made sure I would not
be able to work in the afternoon, I found that half-an-
hour's rest made me feel as fresh as when I had started
in the early morning. I worked all through the daylight,
which there commenced at about six a.m. and ended soon
after six p.m., practically by myself, for I could not trust
the natives with the work save on very rare
occasions. As you may imagine, working with a pickaxe
and shovel in such a temperature as we had there is
rather trying.

"Waits" in the Tropics.

"I found the natives capital fellows. The only trouble
was that some of the head men and chiefs would, when
they came to see me, bring their 'minstrels' with them.
These gentlemen carried small eight-stringed harps made
of dried lizard skin, and these black Homers would drone
away interminable accounts of the chief and myself and
everybody else in a tune of such little variation that,
when, as sometimes happened, the dogs around joined in
with howling, the howls of the dogs furnished quite a
pleasant relief.

The natives are prosperous, healthy, big, and muscu-
lar, living quiet lives as agriculturists and herdsmen. I
found everything remarkably cheap, being able to pur-
chase a fowl for about 2-12, while eggs were merely
20 a dozen, and a sheep cost but half a crown. A month's
milk—and I drank a gallon a day—cost me but two rupees,
or, as 28.

"Neither men nor women wear any clothes, and they
do not appear to have any religion, while their morals
are excellent. In fact, it may be said that the people of
the Kavirondo have neither clothes, religion, nor immor-
ality. As a people, however, they are very fond of orna-
ment, the men being rather more vain than the women
in this respect. All the spare money they get which is
not used in the purchase of cattle is spent in buying brass
and iron wire, which they bind round their arms and
legs. There was quite a demand for my sparklet plugs,
and the men who were fortunate enough to secure these
put a hole through them and tied them on to a fringe,
which they fastened just below their breeches, so that they
would jangle upon iron bands around their legs.

"I wear spectacles, and it seemed to the black fellows
that spectacles must be the latest thing in wire orna-
ments, and accordingly some of them made themselves
rude spectacle frames, which they wore, without, of
course, having any eyes put in them. The effect was
particularly ludicrous more especially when you saw a
man coming along with this rude spectacle frame on his
face and all the skin around his eyes picked out with
different-colored ochres.

"The men are polygamists, and though they have, as
I have said, no religion so far as I could observe, they
have apparently some glimmerings of belief in spirits.
Their kraals consist of huts placed at the corners of big
cactus fences built in quadrangles, and each hut con-
tains one of the man's wives. When a man dies he is
buried beneath the hut of his chief wife, who sits above
to mourn him. In the centre of the quadrangle is the
great dunghill, on which the farmers' cattle spend the
night, and in the centre of that again is the hut where
they fasten and just below it, I remember that, on one of my journeys, I came to a deserted kraal,
round which the cactus hedge had grown so high that I

suggested going inside to take advantage of the shade.
It was then I learned that the Kavirondo had some no-
tion of the spirit world, for my boys declined to enter
because a great chief had died in there.

Derelict Villages.

"By the way, there are many deserted kraals close
to the lake between Karunga and Kenda—whole villages
of them—a tribute, I take it, to the ravages of sleeping-
sickness, which was formerly almost as common here
as in the Sesse Islands, on the other side of the lake.

"These natives appear to ignore the ordinary rules of
hygiene, rarely washing, and, most surprising of all, not
appearing to trouble about the character of the water
which they drink. I have seen them drink from the same
dirty pool in which their cattle were standing and drink-
ing, but they have a peculiar custom of taking their drink
which I have never seen before. They first of all take a
handful of water, and rinse their mouths well out, and
then, standing in the stream or pool up to their knees,
they will dash the water towards their lips with an up-
ward motion of their hands, so that a few drops touch
their lips and tongues. It may be that by this primitive
method of taking liquid refreshment they escape dysen-
tery.

"As an example of the remarkable recuperative power
of these natives, I would mention the case of a boy about
8 years old, who was brought to me by his father. He
was in the last throes of fever, and had also a touch of
pleurisy. I had a good medicine chest, and doctored him
as well as I could but even so would not have been sur-
prised if he had died in the night. However he not only
lived, but was round to see me and thank me next morn-
ing.

"By the way, I had the usual photographer's trouble.
The 'cold' water had a temperature all day of about 80
degrees, and I had to develop my negatives before day-
break, when, for about half an hour, the temperature of
the water dropped to about 65 deg.

Ghang and Degeneracy.

"After finishing my work in the Karunga district, I
went north overland by Homa Bay on to Kenda, and a
difficult task I found it traversing the native paths. These
are well defined, so travelled that they are like deep ruts,
but so tortuous and narrow that they are extremely diffi-
cult for a European. The native has no idea of making
a straight path, and turns aside from his course at the
least obstacle, such as a stone, which will be left in the
way from generation to generation. As he does not plant
his feet apart as he walks, but carefully puts them down,
one directly in front of the other, so that the tracks of
both feet are in one straight line, you can guess how awk-
ward for a white man are the paths he makes to suit him-
self.

"At Kenda I found more fossils of a later period, and
also found my first trace of a mission. I must confess
that the latter is needed, for the natives, though of the
same race as those amongst whom I had been living for
months, were physical and nervous degenerates, a state
entirely due to their fondness for 'ghang,' which they
smoke incessantly. From Kenda I returned to Port
Florencia, and so home, bringing with me a dozen cases
of these fossils to be examined.

"The chief result of my trip is that it establishes the
great age of the high lake—the Victoria Nyanza—for it
is evident from the position of the old delta that the
river of which it is the relic—most probably the old course
of the present-day Kuji—was running there into the lake
at least as far back as the Lower Miocene period."

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by a number of the leading professional musicians of this
city for the purpose of holding regular Sunday evening
concerts.

The aim of the Society being the advancement of Mu-
sical Culture in Edmonton.
The success of this Society will depend greatly upon
the measure of support which it is anticipated will be af-
forded by the music loving public.

The following is the programme of the first Sunday
concert, June 16, at 8:45 p.m., in the Orpheum Theatre:
March—"Kaiser Frederic".....Carl Friedman
Quintette—"Rigoletto".....Verdi
Vocal Solo.....

Mr. David Jones
Selection—"Il Trovatore".....Verdi
Cello Solo—"Berceuse from Jocelyn".....B. Godard

Mr. F. Redlich
Overture—"Lustspiel".....Keler Bela
Vocal Solo.....

Mr. David Jones
Waltz—"Il Bacio".....Arditi
Selection—"Spring Mad".....H. Rheinhardt

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Piano, H. Roberts.

Drums, H. Brown.

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

This is a new version of the old story about an Irish-
man who was paupering a fence, and who worked so fast
that he might get the job finished before the paint gave
out. Our grandfathers laughed at that joke, before our
grandfathers bought razors. The new version is up-to-
date, and the old point still sticks out. "I have a touring
car and I have a chauffeur. The latter is a bright Italian
boy, and an invaluable servant. The other night, ten
miles from home, but inside the city limits, I observed
that he was putting on a burst of speed. "Slow down a
bit, Giuseppe," I warned him; "we'll be arrested if we
keep on at this speed." "Scusa me, mister boss," he an-
swered; "we're ten miles from home, an' noly got enough
gas for tree mila. Eef we no hurry we never mak eet!"

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**THE UNKNOWN OLD MAN
WHO DIED IN THE STREET**

An elderly gentleman, apparently a
business man in well-to-do circum-
stances, was walking along a street in
Hamburg looking in the shop win-
dows and at the bustling traffic, when
he was observed to stagger and fall
to the pavement. A number of per-
sons gathered about him, raised him
to a sitting posture, and full of anxiety
tried to do something for him, until
one of them ventured the opinion
that he was dead. A doctor elbowed
through the crowd, knelt beside the
old man, and confirmed the opinion.
He was dead, had probably died of
a heart stroke. A couple of police-
men appeared, took down the doc-
tor's name and address and those of
several bystanders. Then they ex-
amined the dead man's pockets for
some means of identifying him, but
found nothing. They decided to re-
move the body to the morgue, where
a more thorough search of the man's
clothing might disclose something
that would reveal his identity and en-
able them to notify his family. The
body was taken to the morgue and
laid out in the customary way, but
nothing in his pockets disclosed his
name and address. It was agreed at
the morgue that the man was prob-
ably a merchant, and that enquiry
would soon be made for him. In the
course of three or four hours various
persons, looking for missing men,
called and glanced at him, shook their
heads, and departed.

Then came two men hurriedly.
They looked on the cold clay and
spoke excitedly to the police. Those
in authority were summoned, and
speedily sent for others higher in au-
thority. There was a hush in the
place and a rush out side; in a few
minutes all Hamburg was talking of
the old man who had dropped dead
in the street and who had been lying
for hours in the public morgue. Not
Hamburg alone, but to every capital
in Europe, to every part of the
world, the news spread, for the old
man was not some nameless merchant,
but the King of Denmark.

The remains of the man had been
carried into the public morgue. The
remains of a King were borne forth.
All that respect which human great-
ness commands was shown the de-
ceased King. A special mourning
train carried him to his capital, and
there in the palace for days he lay in
state, he who had reposed unknown
in quite another place, while strangers
came and went indifferent to him,
seeing in him no sign of that royalty,
nothing of that human greatness,
which his remains were to be again
invested so soon as their lost iden-
tity had been restored. Those who
saw him then saw in him only that
dignity and nobility which death
gives to any old man whose race is
run and whose course is finished.

—Toronto Star.

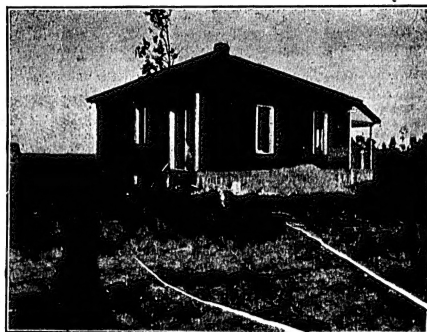
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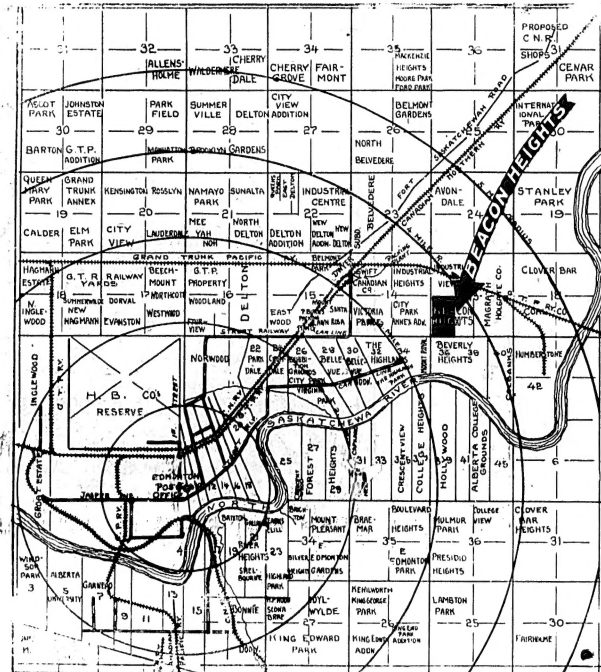
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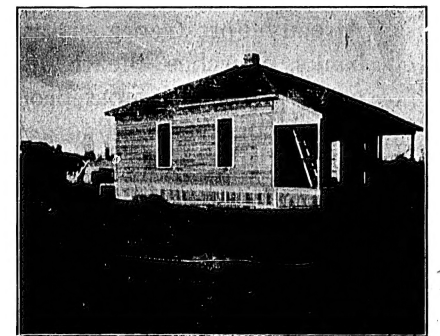
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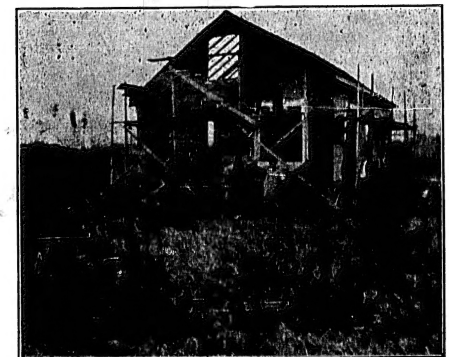
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THE INVESTOR

The latest large office building projected is one for the corner of Rice and McDougall, opposite the post office, where Mr. Kenneth McLeod proposes to commence this summer the erection of a nine-story structure, to cost in the neighborhood of \$500,000. The permit for the new brewery was taken out this week, also that for the Northern Investment Co.'s building on Jasper avenue, the two totalling over \$500,000. A \$45,000 building is to be put up north of the Bijou theatre on First street by Benson and Crabbs.

The excavation work on the new theatre next to the Empire is completed. The size of the addition to the Tessler block is beginning to dawn on passers-by. The severe damage done by fire to the old Massey-Harris warehouse on Howard street this week will probably lead to a new building there.

The large warehouse being erected on Fifth street, just south of Jasper, by the Winnipeg Paint and Glass Company, possesses not a little significance. It has been assumed by many that all business structures of this class would go up on the streets north of Jasper, where trackage facilities could be procured. This is the first to be built on the south side. The officials of the Winnipeg Company state that with well-paved streets the importance of being alongside a track can easily be overestimated. It is, of course, well known that but a small proportion of wholesale houses in the large cities are on trackage. They consider it as of more importance to be close to the business centre.

A large party of business men made a trip out to the plant of the Edmonton Portland Cement Co., 135 miles west of the city, at the end of last week. The advantages which the company possesses at this point have been pointed out frequently in this department and very substantial progress has been made with the erection of the buildings. Some seventy-five men are now engaged on the work and this number will be increased to two hundred within a month. The sum of \$340,000 has already been expended on the buildings and on the equipment under order, some of which is already on the way. A model town for the workmen will be established along the lake-front, a short distance from the plant. It is expected that manufacturing will commence early in the fall, with about 130 men employed at first.

Hon. Frank Cochrane held a conference this week with President Chas. Jerlin and Vice-president Wainwright of the Grand Trunk and Chairman Leonard of the National Transcontinental. The matter under discussion was the operating by the Grand Trunk Pacific of the Eastern division sections of the Transcontinental now nearing completion. The Grand Trunk Pacific is already operating that portion of the line from Winnipeg to Superior Junction, and it is expected that the section from Superior Junction to Cochrane will be ready this fall, to haul some of the crop of the West

by connecting at Cochrane with the Temiskaming & Northern Ontario and at North Bay with the Grand Trunk, to Georgian Bay ports and Toronto. Work is being rushed with all possible speed with a view to having the road under operation and to prevent, if possible, a recurrence of last winter's disastrous blockade.

"The impression prevails in financial circles in London that Western municipalities are borrowing more money than they should," said R. B. Bennett, K.C., M.P., when interviewed by The Calgary Albertan on his return to the city from England.

"One of the leading, if not the leading financier in London, a man who has had a very large experience with Canadian borrowings for upwards of a quarter of a century and who has been honored by his sovereign, told me," said Mr. Bennett, "that I could do no better service to Western Canada than to impress upon its citizens the necessity of finding fewer demands on the London money market."

"He pointed out that there is practically no absorption of Western Canadian municipal securities, either by Canadian or American financiers and that millions had to be supplied by the London market alone. From confidential reports which had been furnished to London bankers, he said, it appeared that values were greatly inflated. The area of Western municipalities was being too greatly extended by including subdivisions, and the future was, to a great extent, being discounted."

"I endeavored to point out," said Mr. Bennett, "that in Calgary, for example monies obtained by the sale of municipal securities were being utilized by the creation of revenue producing properties—the street railway system and waterworks system—and that substantial payments and sidewalks materially enhanced the value of the security for loans that were being made."

"To this the banker replied that however excellent the conditions might be in some few cases, the prevailing feeling was that a much more conservative policy must be pursued by western Canadian cities if they would have any expectation of obtaining money in future at any thing like present rates."

"He then proceeded to point out to me the serious effect that the guaranteeing of the Dunvegan railway bonds must ultimately have upon the credit of the province."

"I informed him that the country that would be developed by this railway was believed to be of such a character as to warrant the assumption that traffic would be created in sufficient volume to be created in sufficient volume to take care of the fixed charges of the road. But he still insisted that the guarantee by the province of the bonds of such a railway would inevitably prevent a reduction in the rate at which money could be borrowed in the future by the province."

"Another financial gentleman told me in London that the opinion prevailed in the city among financial men that

western Canadian commitments should be curtailed and that in some quarters it was seriously thought that England of our immediate demands, while at the same time globe for some few years, until conditions became more settled and stable in western Canada.

"I endeavored to impress on these gentlemen as strongly as I could, that however much London might think that it was loaning too much money, certainly there was still room for the profitable investment of money, and that there was no part of the world where satisfactory returns could be looked for with more certainty or where investments could be made upon sounder security."

"My own opinion is," added Mr. Bennett, "that the Old Country financiers have concluded that Western Canada is obtaining money much too cheaply, and think that they should share to a greater extent than they now do in the profits that are being realized from the use of their money. It would not surprise me greatly to find that the rate of interest may be substantially increased."

"It is my belief, from what I have heard in well informed quarters," said Mr. Bennett, "that no municipality west of the great lakes enjoys a better position in the financial world than Calgary, and I trust our civic authorities will use every possible effort to maintain that position, and exercise the utmost care in limiting the amount of our immediate demands, while at the same time judiciously expending in revenue producing undertakings the proceeds of our present loans."

WINNIPEG VALUES.

In endeavoring to forecast land values in a growing city there is no surer guide than the experience of places which have attained to the position we expect to reach in a few years. The following article on Winnipeg prices in "Canadian Finance" has this great interest:

What about present prices of central real estate in rapidly growing Western cities? An American real estate expert, quoted at some length in Canadian Finance just a year ago, estimates that the rate of a city's growth in population—based on his conclusion upon averages of American cities. "To this he makes a proviso that a property situated on the direct 'line of growth' for retail business, but purchased well ahead of it, will show considerably greater increase. Conversely, a property that is 'left behind' in the path of trade progress would show relatively smaller enhancement."

Considering the ten-year period 1902-12, it is interesting to note to what degree this theory is borne out in Western Canada, taking certain parcels of central Winnipeg real estate for illustration. At the beginning of 1902, the population of the city was around 20,000; to-day with the suburbs more or less directly tributary to its main business area, Winnipeg can count well over 200,000 inhabitants. This is over a fourfold growth for the decade; and, according to the formula enunciated, would warrant at least an eight-fold increase in the value of central business property. This would probably hold even if commodity prices generally had remained about uniform; but it is to be remembered that in the decade prices of purchasable articles generally have increased about 25 per cent.

It will be interesting to consider specific instances of Winnipeg real estate. Taking the intersection of Main street (running north and south) with Portage avenue

(running east and west) as a central point, properties as given below are grouped as those in the angles contained (1) by Portage avenue W. and Main street S.; (2) by Portage W. and Main N.; (3) by Portage E. and Main S.; (4) by Portage E. and Main N.

It must be prefaced that in the case of most of the properties the figures given are only estimates, central business property in Winnipeg being closely held by present owners for the most part.

District I.

	Price per front ft. 1902	Approx. Price 1912	
Free Press property S.E. cor. Portage & Garry (2 blocks W. from Main)	\$450	\$4500	10
Eaton store property (between Donald & Hargrave on Portage avenue, 4 blocks W. from Main)	200	4000	20
S.W. corner Portage & Sherbrook (17 blocks W. from Main)	65	2000	30
S. W. corner Portage & Maryland (18 blocks W. from Main)	50	1200	24

District III.

National Trust property, N.E. corner Main street S. & Notre Dame E. (one block south of Portage).....	\$450	\$3000	6-2-3
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District II.

S. W. corner Ellice & Smith (1 block N. Portage & 3 blocks W. of Main)	\$150	\$2500	16-2-3
N. E. corner Portage & Furby (16 blocks from Main).....	60	1521	25 1-2
N. E. corner Notre Dame & Albert (1 block N.W. from Portage and distance of about 2 blocks from Main)	150	2500	16-2-3
S.E. corner Notre Dame & Hargrave	60	1200	20
N.W. corner Notre Dame & Sherbrook	25	750	30

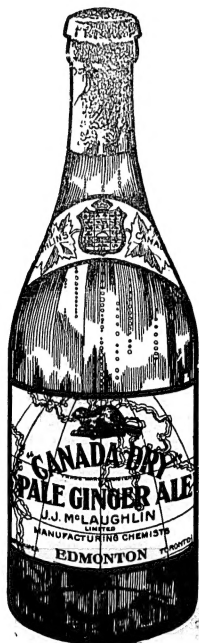
District IV.

Iroquois Hotel, Main street N. (nearly 5 blocks N. of Portage).....	\$500	\$2250	4 1-2
S.W. corner Main N. & Rupert (7 blocks N. of Portage).....	550	2500	4 3-5

Chief Advances Westward Along Portage Ave.

Taking first the property on which the Free Press building stands (S.E. corner of Portage W. and Garry, two blocks west of Main) it will be remembered that property was sold about a year ago for approximately \$4,000 a foot on its Portage avenue frontage. Authorities on current real estate prices value it at present at from \$500 to \$5000—certainly the lower would be considered a minimum. A decade ago this property could have been purchased at around \$450—so that the increase has been ten-fold in the ten years. This is somewhat greater than the eight-fold increase that might be normally looked for in the case of centrally located retail business property. Does this greater increase mean undue inflation? Winnipeg real estate men think not—and give reasons for the faith that is in them. They point to the fact that ten years ago the trend of real business was not accurately determined. Main street was still practically all-in-all—only the eye of faith saw its being out-rivalled as a retail thoroughfare by Portage avenue.

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Therefore, such Portage avenue properties as were purchased well ahead "of the line of growth" have shown marked increases. Notable instances are to be found in the other cases of the first group on the south side of Portage avenue, situated in the order given, along the "westward path of trade" which has built up a retail thoroughfare in recent years. Their values have enhanced twenty fold to about thirty fold. But ten years ago even the nearest-in of these was not central business property, and the trade movement west had scarcely got beyond the Free Press property. The locating of the Raton and the Hudson's Bay stores accelerated matters. To say off-hand that present values were inflated because the increase had been so much greater relatively than the growth in the city's population would be to neglect the all-important factor that the American expert terms "monopolism" in eligibility for business use. The only practical judgment is one based upon consideration of the sliding-scale of present prices as distance increases westward along Portage.

Transition of Residential Property.

Coming now to a property which ten years ago was a purely residential area. The south-west corner of Ellie and Smith (one block north of Portage and at a distance about three west of Main) is now in a district in which business is rapidly extending its boundaries. The change from a residential to a wholesale district does not usually bring with it the extreme increase in value that follows the direct line of retail business growth; the exact placing of a warehouse, within a block or more, is not a matter of such crying importance as the particular situation of a retail store. However, the Smith street property has shown over a sixteen fold gain or four times the rate of growth in population. New street car lines and other considerations are causing retail business to spread into cross streets. Similar property on the other side of Portage is in a district which has more lately been encroached upon for business purposes—and thus far its increase usually has been less. The one outstanding consideration to be taken into account in a "transition" district is that a property which, in course of time for any reason, just ceases being in demand for business purposes, is apt to become neither "fish, flesh nor good red herring"—but literally a second-rate boarding-house hash.

The second property in the second division, N.E. corner Portage and Furby, with its twenty-five fold increase, is another example of increasing values on Portage avenue itself—in this case on the north side. The remaining three properties in the second division are on Notre Dame street, an important thoroughfare which about evenly divided the right angle made by Portage and Main—though it slants into the north side of Portage, the distance a short block westward from Main. The movement here is based on the outlook for this as a coming retail street.

Where Advances Have Been Less.

Coming to the third and fourth groups, it will be seen that advances have been less notable. The property on which the National Trust building stands, a short block south of the hub-corner of Main and Portage, has had well on to a seven-fold increase.

On Main street north, the Triqueton Hotel property shows increase of 4 1/2 times. Farther north, but a corner property in this case, the other property mentioned shows 4 3/5 times increase. Thus values in the old business section are rather better than keeping up a ratio of increase equivalent to increase in population.

What as to the Future?

He would be a bold prophet who essayed any exact prophecy as to future values. Following out the theory referred to at the beginning, Winnipeg real estate authorities may find interest in discussing whether or not the Free Press property will increase four-fold when the city doubles its population to 400,000—or whether what the American expert lumps as "other circumstances" will have come into play in the meantime and modified the present centre of retail business activity. In United States cities the tendency is for cross streets in the central area to be brought into use for retail business.

Toronto, with a population of well over 400,000, has got to \$13,000 a foot for its choicest central business States cities the tendency is for cross streets in the central area to be brought into use for retail business.

Leaving the future for the present, it would not appear from the foregoing table that property values at the hub of Winnipeg's business activity have as yet over-discounted the future to the extent feared by some Eastern critics. Which is not to say, however, that any rapid sky-rocketing is now in order—or that everything within several blocks of Portage avenue and out to the city limits is to be speculated with as central property.

Our recent visitor, Mr. H. F. Gadsby, gives a fine picture of Edmonton in one of the letters which he is sending to a syndicate of Canadian papers. Here is one extract:

Jasper avenue is a street to be proud of anywhere in the world—the crowded cars, the gay promenaders, the brimming theatres, the bustle and stir and glitter of the scene. The wonder of such a street, two thousand five hundred miles north and west of Toronto! It was not so long ago that Edmonton was spoken of as the jumping-off place, the remote outpost of civilization. Easterners thought of it as a spot not far from the Arctic circle, on the fringe of a land of wild adventure where the Indian and the half-breed fur-trapper were king, a sort of page of romance left over from Pierre and His People. Now it is a modern city with modern refinements and certain constitutional improvements like single tax and government by commission, which put the east to shame. It sparkles like a queen in the keen, clean northern air, does this new St. Petersburg. The long days of sunshine and the brighter nights of stars get into the people's blood and make them full of the joy of living.

A banquet in honor of the Honorable Clifford Sifton, ex-Minister of the Interior, was held in the Prince Arthur Hotel on Thursday, May 23, under the auspices of the Canadian clubs, and was largely attended by prominent business men of the twin cities.

The Hon. Clifford Sifton spoke at some length on the general prosperity of Canada, and in the course of his remarks said: "When I bought swamp land between Port William and Port Arthur at \$25 per acre, some people told me I was crazy. I was, for not buying more."

A representative of Dow, Jones & Co., of New York, has been in Canada recently investigating the crop outlook, railroad outlook and the financial future. The first

section of his report is published in the Wall Street Journal.

The movement of farmers, he notes, from the United States into the three Canadian prairie provinces, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, continues and increases. Last year more than 131,000 came, and the immigration officials say that they have advice which lead them to believe that the number of incoming American settlers this year will not be less than 175,000. Immigration banking and railway officials agree in estimating that the average American settler brings with him at least \$1,000 in cash and this seems to be a conservative estimate.

It means that they brought into Canada last year upwards of \$131,000,000 and that their cash contribution to Western Canada's wealth this year will be \$175,000,000.

SCOTCH VERSUS IRISH WHISKY

Are they going to deprive Scotsmen of their whiskey? Professor Blackie once said that Scotland was but a speck on the map of Europe, and could easily be hidden away in one corner out of sight but for the fact that the smell of its whiskey would betray its whereabouts. All the world over, Scotch whiskey is the beloved beverage of club-men and parliamentary gossips. It is the thing to top off with; the only nectar permissible after a toss of champagne. The modern butler has no respect for the gentleman who asks for Irish when the last tray makes its appearance in the library. Time was when Irish was at-top in the matter of "frinks," but it has given way to its brither celt, the uisgebeatha of the men who come from the rugged fastnesses of the Grampians and such-like bonny hills.

It is Andrew Lang, I think, Merry Andrew, who tells the story about the ducks at a famous distillery at Inverness. They acquired a taste for whiskey, and were often to be found lying helplessly drunk by the side of the stream which flowed through the place. Immediately they got sober they returned to the stream to partake of the refuse which had the effect of putting them in such a hilarious state. There is another tale told of the days in Scotland when whiskey punch was the beverage of all classes, and men were employed, when the laird had a party, in taking the guests home in barrows after they had reached the customary stage, since to go home sober was an insult to one's host.

Happily a change has come over such a state of affairs. Though it was just the same in Ireland, where the host frequently locked the door of the supper chamber, threw the key out of the window and prepared to lay every man and himself under the table. A practice of even the present sober days is that the grocer throws in a handful of peppermints with each gill of whiskey he sells, so that those—especially ladies of the Sairey Gane type—who indulge, may get rid of the odor as quickly as possible. A common ruse adopted in some Scottish villages where the licensed grocer sells coal oil, is to tie a string to the neck of the bottle so that people who see it carried by the string naturally conclude that the oil bottle has been replenished.

I well remember a steward on my own father's place in Ireland—a big Irishman who was so often tempted to take a long drop of the crathur. A comrade of his, a Scotchman, was bailie on an adjoining estate, and at times the two would foregather at fair or market on a drinking bout. After a number of glasses they would start for home with a bottle between them, Paddy hilarious and singing and screeching at the top of his voice; Sandy, dour and silent. Once we met them so occupied, and Governor stopped to expostulate with his own man. But Paddy was past all that. He was trailing his coat and encreasing Sandy to dance on the tail of it and be knocked into smithereens for his trouble. Sandy, sad-faced and sour, turned his face to the hedge, raised the bottle and drained it to the last drop—and after that there was war. But the Scot walked serenely out of the cloud of dust and left poor Patrick helpless on the broad of his back, in the middle of the road, and cursing profoundly. The police came and took Paddy to jail. The magistrate fined him. His wife belabored him with her tongue and she priest gave him an endless prayer to say for penance. All round he got the worst end of it. And Sandy never turned a hair but went about his business as sane and silent as ever.

But the man who has made Scotch whiskey immortal is Burns. He has been the best friend the distillers ever had. He it was who made whiskey a national beverage. Who does not know his ode to it?

O Whiskey! Soul o' plays an' pranks!
Accept a bardie's humble thanks!

When wanting thee what tuneless cranks

Are my poor verse.

Poor Bobbie Burns! Most delightful of poets! 'Tis enough to make one curse the bottle that brought thee so early to the grave, and robbed an "ower sad world" of a spirit at once so brave and so gay.

However, as the Scotch M. P. said the other day in Westminster when the Scottish Temperance Bill was brought on the carpet, there is little danger that "my countrymen will ever be either sickeningly abstemious or ostentatiously teetotal." Scotch and not Irish will continue to be the maser drink in Clubland—"Kiln," in Canada Monthly.

Chawlie is an aw'f'ly loyal chap, don't you know?"
"Is he. How so, dear boy?"
"Why, he saw it in the papers that there's a stwike of all the London tailors, and so he's wearing his don't clothes out of sympathy for the London chappies, don't you know."

Bridegroom (two days after wedding)—"I haven't seen anything yet of that \$5000 check from your father."

Bride—"Well, you see, dear, papa heard that your father had already given us one, and he knew we wouldn't care to have duplicate presents."

"I'm going off on a hunting trip with Binks, Dawson, and Billad," said Hickenloped.

"Fine," said Wigley. "Big game or small?"

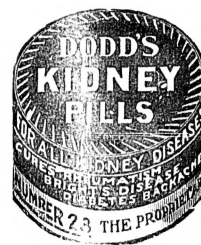
"Oh, we never go beyond the ten-cent limit," said Hickenloped.

Tramp—"You know the sayin', mum. 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

Mrs. Subbute—"Very true. And since you speak in proverbs, I'll refer you to another old saw."

Tramp—"Which one is dat, mum?"

Mrs. S.—"The one back in the woodshed."



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FLOUR, ask for

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Fancy Patent Flour
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Dealers. Every sack guaranteed.
Campbell & Ottewill



The time showing made by Alex. Decoteau in the Olympic trials at Montreal indicates that he is at the top of his form. He cut eight seconds off the former Canadian record for 5,000 metres. He will do Edmonton all credit at Stockholm and his admirers in this part of the Dominion will be much surprised if he doesn't show in front in the races in which he is entered.

The former tennis champion of Canada, Mr. W. A. Bays, of Barrie, Ontario, was elected to the House of Commons last week. In addition to being one of the best tennis players we ever produced, he was one of the earliest first-class cover points that we had in hockey. His playing of that position on the old Oranmore Hall team was something to dream about. There were also a few other games that he could take a respectable hand in.

It is nothing exceptional for great athletes to attain to big places in British public life. Sir Edward Grey was amateur tennis champion of Britain. Chief Justice, Lord Alversone, was a crack sprinter. The former colonial secretary, Mr. Alfred Lyttleton, was one of the greatest cricketers of his day.

But in Canada we are just beginning to reach the stage when former athletes come to the front. We have, of course, in Alberta an outstanding example in the attorney-general of the province, who was one of the best home players the Toronto and Tecumseh lacrosse clubs ever had. But we shall have many more such instances as time goes by.

Edmonton is still at the tail of the Western Canada Baseball League, but has taken a brace this week, which makes one look for something better before long. The 5-0 victory against the leaders, Red Deer, on Thursday night, Ford being in the box created an excellent impression.

The New York Nationals keep up their wonderful record. Only eight games lost this season up to the time of writing. Marquard has pitched thirteen straight winning games. Chicago has been giving them a hot argument this week on the New York grounds, winning one but losing the others by small margins. It looks as if what argument there is in the National will be between these old rivals.

In the American, the White Sox are still close to the top but they have been very much on the toboggan. Washington put a dint in their hopes and it looks as if the former tail-enders had a team that might easily carry off the pennant.

The South Africa cricketers were beaten badly by England, the latter being an innings and 62 runs to the good and it is apparent that the triangular test fight will be between England and Australia. Faulkner, the South Africa's chief hope as a batsman, was injured not long ago and, if he is playing, is apparently not in form. The English bowlers, Foster and Barnes, who did such deadly work in Australia are as effective as ever. That brilliant Lancashire batsman, Reginald Spooner, made 110 and Woolley, the Kent professional, 73, in the South African match.

Local cricket continues to arouse much interest. The Edmonton club had very much of the better of the game with Strathcona when it was stopped by rain on Saturday. The Northerners put together 143 for eight wickets when they declared. Hardisty, 35, not out, Henderson, 31, Morse, 17 and Crambleholme, 15, not out, were the principal scorers. Strathcona put on 21 runs for four wickets.

Swifts defeated the Dragoons in a close match, 55 to 47. Braley, 13, and Williams, 11, had the double-figure scores for the winners, while Murdoch, 10, was the only player with this distinction among the losers.



Sir George Asquith... Fairy
Mr. Asquith... Master
Asquith (to Asquith): "N-w
you dragon I shall need ye to sto-
fractious gee-gee"
By special arrange-ment...

Personal

On Friday at 11 a.m. the flag donated to the boy cadets by Westward Ho Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire will be presented at Oliver school by Colonel Belcher.

Dr. and Mrs. J. L. Biggar have been saying good-bye this week, prior to leaving for their new home in Victoria. On Tuesday afternoon Mistausk Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire took farewell of Mrs. Biggar, a meeting being held at the home of Mrs. J. J. Anderson. Mrs. Hislop, the chapter's regent, made the presentation of an etched crystal vase, with a bunch of carnations.

On Wednesday at noon the marriage took place of Miss Elsie Stocks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Stocks to Mr. Donald Carter, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Carter. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. E. Hughson at the parental home on Fifth street south. The bride was charmingly attired in cream liberty satin, with a front panel of Spanish lace, a fichu of the same material overlaying the bodice. On the right side was a drape of French marquis lace. A tulle veil was caught with orange blossoms.

Miss Marjorie Stocks was a very dainty little flower girl. The honeymoon is being spent at the coast.

On Friday of last week Mrs. F. M. Morgan was the hostess of a very delightful luncheon in honor of Miss Stocks. Covers were laid for fifteen. The table was done in crimson. In the centre was a large lover's knot, made of foliage and sweet peas, and a large wicker basket with crimson how on the handle, filled with crimson roses. On the four corners were cut glass vases with crimson sweet peas. Cherry cocktails were served and a toast or two was drunk. The refreshments carried out the general color scheme. Miss Davidson later served coffee from a small table in the drawing-room. The favors were crimson and gold bonbon dishes.

An orchestra, which played all through luncheon, added much to the pleasure of the occasion. The guests included: Miss Stocks, Mrs. Stocks, Miss Gladys Stocks, Mrs. Johnston, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Perkins, Miss Cull, Miss McGrimmon, Mrs. J. C. McDougall, Mrs. Inglis, Miss Robertson, Mrs. McIntosh, Miss Johnston, Mrs. F. M. Baker.

Mrs. G. H. Malcolmson was a tea hostess on Tuesday, in honor of her guest, Mrs. McPhail.

The Duke of Sutherland, who visited his estate near Clyde on Sunday, left again for the south on Monday.

Prof. G. M. Wrong and Mr. E. J. Kyllis of the staff of the University of Toronto spent Wednesday in Edmonton.

On Saturday afternoon last, Mrs. Archibald Ponton entertained at the tea hour, Mrs. Gardner being the guest of honor.

Miss Kate Lowes of Calgary is a guest at the home of Premier Sifton.

The engagement is announced of Lawrence Jones, barrister, and eldest son of Sir Lawrence Jones, of Fakenham, Norfolk, England, to Lady Evelyn, youngest daughter of Earl Grey.

"Did you ever bake bread in a frying-pan beside a camp-fire in the rain? Did you ever fry flapjacks and make the salt pork 'dope' to go with them? Did you ever manufacture a blueberry pudding in a condensed milk can? Did you ever spend a day in concocting a kettle of pea soup a la Canadienne? If you have done these things you know what the acme of sport is. You have an inkling, even if you have only seen others do them; but the only man who gets the thick cream of camp-life is the one who does the cooking."—Vancouver Sun.

But wait a moment, wait a moment! says the Toronto Star. Did you ever go fishing on a day when the sky was overcast and everything in nature was spreading the whisper that rain was coming? Did you ever, on such a day, go after trout in a stream through the woods where the water ran over a gravel bottom with such rapidity that you had to wade with the current being careful the while that you were not carried off your feet? Did you ever catch trout so fast that your utmost dream was realized, and your erect being filled you waded ashore feeling that it would be a sin to catch another? Did you ever, in a case like that, suddenly find that it was nearing sunset and that you were as hungry as a bear, yet must tramp to camp and get supper? Did you ever experience the thrill of seeing smoke rising from the camp indicating that your partner had been starved into activity, and was getting supper and that if you just took it easy and kept behind the trees you would presently be fed to the king's taste without having a toil or spin on your own behalf? Did you ever sit down to a pan of wilderness trout fried in flour and butter by a partner who knows how to fry them, but would have preferred that you had done it and had resorted to a certain amount of futile scheming to that end? Did you ever, after so noble a feast, match coppers with your partner to see which would wash the dishes, and did you ever elect him to do it, and recline under a rising moon watching him work, and while you smoked, criticising him for his proficiency in domestic service? Did you ever? Well, if you did, why not honestly say so?

What we suspect is that the Vancouver "Sunset" man is going fishing, and is trying to jolly some youthful companion into doing the cooking and camp work.

THE WARNING.

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Chinaman—You elly me where railway station is?
White—What's matter, John? Are you lost?
Chinaman—No light; station lost.
—By C. H. Mastin.

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